

THE
HISTORY

OF

Mother *BUNCH* of the *West*

Containing,

Many Rarities out of her Golden
Closet of Curiosities.

Part the Second.



Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office,
Bow Church-Yard, London.

Gentlemen going to consult with
Mother BUNCH.



Introduction

Introduction.

ON E Michaelmas-day old
mother Bunch sitting up-
on the bank of a river, joining



to a neighbouring grove, she be-
held the late flourishing branches
in their decay, whose leaves were

join

falling to the earth. From this she began to consider seriously of her own mortality; and since old Time had hurried on the winter of her age, which had covered her head with grey locks, she might expect e'er long she must fall like the leaves to the earth: therefore she resolved, in regard she had always been a kind friend to young men and maids, that she would leave a fair testimony of her love before she left the world; since her painful study, and strict observation, had made a large improvement in her stock of knowledge, she would not have it buried in the grave with her, but leave it to posterity, for their benefit

nefit of young men and maids, whereby they may learn to understand their good and bad fortunes, and by the direction of this book, be furnished with many secret rarities, never published to the world.

Accordingly the next day she wrote letters of invitation to the young men and maids to repair to her house on St. Luke's day; the maids she appointed to come in the morning to be first instructed, for these two reasons as she herself was a woman, she would teach the young women first, lest the batchelors should be too severe on them: the second was, it being Horn-Fair day, many of the batchelors would,

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would be employed in the morning in handing old citizens young wives to the fair, and in the afternoon they might be at liberty. This was the determination of old mother Bunch.



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The Second Part of
Mother Bunch, &c.



NOW against the day appointed, mother *Bunch* deck'd her house, and getting up very early that morning she placed herself in the closet where
 her

her treasure lay. Now the first that entered the room was *Margery Loveman*, a maltster's maid, who with a low curtsy said, *Good morrow, mother Bunch, I am come to partake of your bounty; for I hear you have a second time opened your Golden Closet of Curiosities.* — Yes, daughter, said she, so I have, and thou shalt partake of it. — *Here are infallible rules and directions, in all manner of love intrigues, that you may know what sort of man you'll marry, and whether he will prove loving or no.* Dear mother, these are the things I would know; for, believe me, out of all my sweethearts, I'd willingly chuse

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the best ; 'tis true, I have 150 £
the noise of which has brought
many sweethearts, and I'd wil-
lingly know which comes for
pure love, and which for the
lucre of the money. Daughter,
said she, here is an experiment,
if you will but try it, will make
a full discovery of the reality of
their love. Let a report be
spread, that you are robbed of
all you have in the world ; if,
after this, there is any one con-
tinues his love as before, you
may be sure he is faithful.—
But be sure keep this counsel to
yourself, that the mystery may
not be discovered. I'll take care
of that, dear mother, quoth
Margery, and I heartily thank
you.

you for this kind advice; so good morrow, for I must needs go.

Good morrow, daughter, she reply'd,
Young men are false, and must be try'd.

She was no sooner gone, but in came Mrs. Susan, a young Sempstress from Salisbury, who entered wringing of her hands. How now, quoth she, what's the matter, daughter, you take on at this rate? Alas! mother Bunch, quoth Susan, my, my, my——. What's the matter? Why my sorrow is more than I am able to bear; for mother, dear Frank, the fidler, and I are fallen out, and he swears he will not have me.— Come, daughter, quoth she, be of good cheer, I'll put you in a way to see whether he is angry or no. She that's afraid of the grass, must never kiss in a meadow. One swallow never makes a summer, nor one woodcock a winter. Let your angry lover alone for a season, and he'll come to himself again; for I know fond love is a puny darling, and wants humouring; therefore let him a-

alone, in time he'll forget his anger, and return to thee again, if he has any principle of good nature or loyal love in him, and if not, you had better be without him, than for your life-time to be ty'd to a four apple tree. Remember the old proverb, *Set thy stool in the sun, if a knave goes, an honest man may come.* I hope you have not play'd the wanton with him. No, mother, but he would fain have play'd a lesson on my lute the other market-day my, but I had more grace than to let him. Say'st thou so, daughter? why I tell thee, *he did it to try thee, and since he finds that You withstood him, he will never leave You.* Well, dear mother, she said, your words are comfortable to me, and when I find the good effects, I'll return and give you an account; and now mother, farewell.

Right happy, daughter, may you be, In guarding your virginity.

The next which entered the room, was *Margaret*, the miller's maid, who, after

after making a low courtesy, and giving Mother Bunch the time of the day, desired to know for what reason she sent her a letter. Why quoth the old woman, to the end that I might reveal to you some secrets, that are both relative and conducive to love, which I have never yet discover'd to the world. But mother, said *Margaret*, I am a meer stranger to love, for I never knew what it meant. That may be, quoth she, yet you know not how soon you may receive the arrows of Cupid, and then you'll be glad of some of my advice; for I know the best of you desires to lie with a man; and I'll appeal to you, if you would not be glad of a husband. Mother, quoth *Margaret*, you come too close to the matter, and if I may speak my mind, I'd willingly embrace such a one; for altho' house-keeping is chargeable, yet marriage is honourable. Thou say'st well, daughter, quoth mother Bunch, and if thou hast a mind to see the man, follow my directions, and you shall not fail. Let me see, this is Sr.

Lukes

Luke's Day, which I have found by my long experience to be fitter for this purpose than St. Agnes's, and the ingredients more excellent. Take Marygold flowers, a sprig of Marjoram, Thyme, and a little Wormwood; dry them before a fire, rub them to powder, then sift it thro' a fine piece of lawn; simmer these, with a small quantity of virgin honey, in white wine vinegar, over a slow fire: with this anoint your stomach, breast, and lips, when lying down and repeat these words thrice.

*St. Luke, St. Luke, be kind to me,
In dreams let me my true love see.*

This said, hasten to sleep, and in the soft slumber of your night's repose, the very man whom you shall marry, will appear before you, walking to and fro, near your bed-side, very plain and visible to be seen. You shall perfectly behold his visage, stature, and deportment and if he be one that will prove a loving husband, he will approach you with a smile; which if he does, do not seem

to be over-fond or peevish, but receive the same with a mild and modest blush. But if he be one, who after marriage will forsake thy bed to wander after strange women, he will offer to be rude and uncivil with thee. These are rarities I have never before divulged, and will prove of advantage. I must thank you for all your love, quoth Margaret, and so farewell, good mother Bunch. — Good-bye, dear daughter, she immediately reply'd.

*Let Joy and Pleasure crown your Days'
And a kind Man your Fortune raise.*

Next came in Kate the clothworker's daughter, Doll the dairymaid, Joan, Bridget, Nancy, Phillis, &c. in all about forty together, who almost filled the room, each of them crying, *Dear mother Bunch, remember me, O mother, remember me, &c.* that they made the old woman deaf with their great noise. My dear daughters, quoth the old woman, sit you down and be quiet, and you shall partake of my benediction.

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Now

Now daughters, I'll sit in the midst of you, and read you a lecture; meaning to give you a large account of some extraordinary curiosities here in my closet newly broke open; decraring it as my opinion, that the things which are profitable for one maid, are so for another.

First, If any one here desires to know the name of the man whom they shall marry, let her who desires this seek for a green peascod, in which there are full nine peas; which done, either write or cause to be written, on a small slip of paper, these words.

Come in, my dear, and do not fear.

Which writing you must enclose within the aforesaid peascod, and lay it under the door. Then mind the next person who comes it, for you'll certainly marry one of the very same name.

Secondly, She who desires to be satisfied, whether she shall enjoy the man desired or no; Let her take two lemon peels in the morning, and wear them all day under her arm-pits; then at night

might let her rub the four posts of the bed with them: which done, in your sleep he will seem to come and present you with a couple of lemons; but if not there is no hope.

Thirdly, She who desires to know to what manner of fortune she shall be married, if a gentleman, a tradesman, or a traveller. The experiment is this; take a walnut, a hazlenut, and a nutmeg, grate them, and mix them up with butter and sugar into pills, which must be taken at lying down, and then if her fortune be to marry a gentleman, her sleep will be filled with golden dreams, if a tradesman, odd noises and tumults, if a traveller, then will thunder and lightning disturb her.

Fourthly, St. Agnes's day I have not yet wholly blotted out of my book; but I have found a more exact way of trial than before. You need not abstain from kisses, nor be forced to keep fast for the glance of a lover in the night. If you can but rise to be at the church door between the hours of twelve and

one

one in the mornings, and then, put the fore finger of your right hand into the key hole, and then repeat the following words thrice,

*O sweet St. Agnes now draw near,
And with my true love strait appear.*

Then will he presently approach with a smiling countenance.

Fifthly, My daughters, know ye the 14th of February is *Valentine's day*, at which time the fowls of the air begin to couple; and the young men and maids are for chusing their mates. Now that you may speed, take this approved direction! Take five Bay leaves, lay one under every corner of your pillow, and the fifth in the middle; then lying down to rest, repeat these lines seven times over:

*Sweet Guardian Angels, let me have
What I most earnestly do crave,
A Valentine endow'd with love,
That will both kind and constant prove.*

Then

Then to your content you'll either have the Valentine you desire, or one more excellent.

Sixthly, The old experiment of the Midsummer Smock, found out in a much better method than before, by my sublime and painful study in philosophy.— And now, my daughters, said she, it is thus: Let seven of you go together on Midsummer Eve, just at sun set, into a silent grove, and gather every one of you a sprig of red sage, and return into a private room, with a stool in the middle; each one having a clean smock, turned wrong-side outwards, hanging on a line cross the room; and let every one lay their sprig of red sage in a clean basin of rose water, set on the stool; which done, place yourselves on a row, and continue till twelve or one, saying nothing, be what it will you see; for after midnight each one's sweetheart or husband that shall be, will take each maid's sprig out of the rose-water, and sprinkle his love's shift; and those who are so unfortunate, as never to be hap-

py as to be married, their sprigs will not be moved, but in lieu of that, sobs and sighs will be heard. This has been often try'd, and it never failed of its effects.

*These things I have found out of late,
To make young lovers fortunate.*

And now, my dear daughters, I have but a word or two more to say at the present, and that by way of caution.

In the twelve months I find about thirty-one days unlucky; so, as you tender your own happiness, take care you marry not on those days; and for your better instruction, I will set down those days for you.

In *January* are four the 7th, 14th, 17th, and 18th.

In *February* two, the 5th and 10th.

In *March* three, the 9th, 19th, and 21st.

In *April* two, the 6th and 7th.

In *May* two, the 4th and 13th.

In *June* three, the 7th, 9th, and 10th.

In

In *July* two, the 6th and 7th.

In *August* two, the 11th and 16th.

In *September* three, the 2d, 3d, and 4th.

In *October* three, the 4th, 14th, & 15th.

In *November* two, the 15th and 24th.

In *December* three, the 6th, 8th, & 9th.

*Observe my Rules of all these Days,
And then you will your Fortunes raise*

This said, old Mother Bunch gave them a cup of her Cordial Water, and so dismiss'd them, the young Damsels returning her hearty thanks for her motherly advice.

After Mother Bunch had dined, the young men came, as Tom the Miller, Ralph the Thatcher, and Robin the Plowman, with a great many of other trades and callings, whom Mother Bunch invited to sit down, that so she might the better deliver her salutary counsel to them.

And first she begins with Tom the Miller, saying, Ah, Tom, thou art a sad fellow, there's not a maid comes to the mill, but you will be bobbing under
their

their aprons; but take my word for it, if you don't leave off, you'll be ruined. What woman will have such a one? She may justly conclude, you will be caterwauling still. You know what I mean, Tom. Yes, yes, Mother, but sure you don't take me for such a one. Yes, Tom, I do, and I am but seldom mistaken; 'tis you millers that fill the country with crack'd maidenheads, that the honest husbandman already finds the ground tilled up. But farewell, I will have nothing to do with such as you.

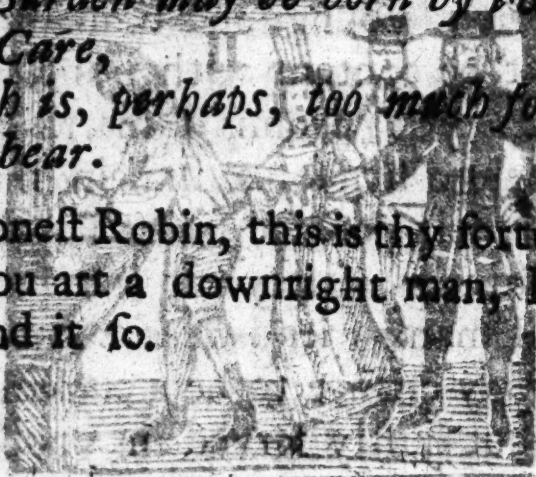
Then turning to Ralph the Thatcher she said, I find you are desirous of a wife, and your ambition is such, she must be rich, young, and beautiful. So you can't be content with honest Joan, to whom you promis'd marriage, but must change her for a finikin madam; but I can tell you she won't stand picking of straws with you; her fair Face will find many friends in a corner; and so you may chance to be a cuckold, and indeed but justly served in your kind; and

And therefore I pray you to return to your old lover, for me is an honest girl, and therefore far more fit for you than such a butterfly as you have lately followed.

Then she stretched forth her hand to Robin the Plowman, saying, Thou art an honest fellow, and good luck will attend thee; I don't mean bags of gold nor heaps of silver, but thou shalt have an industrious wife, one who will be willing to labour, a true and faithful yoke-mate, who will be a chearful partner in thy weal or woe, to support thee under thy troubles, as the poet has it.

*The Burden may be born by two, with
Care,
Which is, perhaps, too much for one to
bear.*

Honest Robin, this is thy fortune, and as thou art a downright man, I'm glad to find it so.



Thus

Thus Mother Bunch went round the room
 And told them what would be their doom
 If they her daughters did betray,
 And steal their maidenheads away,
 Each should be punish'd with a bride,
 By whom they should be hornisy'd;
 But if they were right honest men
 They should have happy fortunes then.

This said, she did her blessing give,
 In love and happiness to live;
 Which when they did the same receive,
 Of Mother Bunch they took their leave,
 Declaring she had told them more
 Than e'er they understood before.





Mother B U N C H's Funeral.



Thus all her Art at length could not her
 save,
 From death's dire stroke, and mould'ring
 in the grave.



F I N I S.